

FROM
E P S O M:

O R, T H E

Revengeful Lady ;

Shewing how a Young Lady there was Beguil'd by a

London-Gallant ; who when he had done, boasted of the Conquest,
For which unworthy Fact, she Wittily reveng'd her self of the *Tell-Tale* ;

And made a *Capon* of a *Cockney*.

A Novell.

Written (tho' I say it) according to the *Exactest Rules* of
Fancy and Judgement : In Imitation of Monsieur Scarron.



By *Poor-Robin*, Kt. *Vindeita*.

Nemo magis gaudet quam Femina, Juven.

Printed in the Year, 1679.

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By Poor-Robin, W. Lincoln

Printed and Sold by J. B. Johnson, New York

Printed by J. B. Johnson

The Revengeful Lady :
O R,
The Tell-Tale, EUNUCH'D.

THere was a Gentleman in this Town of a compleat Wit, and pleasant Behaviour, a Person very fortunate in the Love of Women, and in all respects very Obliging towards them, save that he wanted the government of the Tongue ; for no sooner could he receive a Closet-kindness from his Mistress, but he would instantly boast of his success, and that with such Circumstances as added most to the glory of the Conquerour, without any regard to the Reputation of the Vanquished ; which dissolute kind of carriage, as it could not but be taken very unkindly from the Ladies, so at last it proved very unfortunate to himself.

GOing this Summer to *Epsom*, whether for the delightfulness of the Ayr, the benefit of the Waters, or the pleasure he took in the Company, I know not, nor is it material ; but being there, he became acquainted with a young Lady, beautiful in her Person, and pleasant in her Conversation. This Spark of *London*, had scarce been twice in her company, but from the success he had always met with, he concluded her his own, and accordingly suiting his addresses to his confidence, he apply'd himself to her in a more familiar way than became the slender-ness of his acquaintance, or the nature of his pretence ; which attempt so far incens'd her, that if ever he should offer the like incivility again, she protested he should never see her more. He somewhat surprized with the unusual, (and therefore unexpected) coyness, had a months mind at one time to have called her proud slur, and to have Antidared her thereby by leaving her immediately ; But upon better considerati-

on, finding so much beauty in her reason, and Majesty in her
anger, he thought it more pollicy to dissemble his present re-
signment, then to frustrate his future hopes, and therefore in
excuse of himself, he began to swear very liberally, That he
offered that rudeness only to try her modesty, he confessed he
had sometimes made use of those Town-tooleries for the
Diversions of such as lik'd the humours; but for his part he nei-
ther hop'd nor believed that a person of her Circumstances
could be pleas'd with such a kind of Dalliance; assuring her
withal (as far as Damme's would do it) that in compliance
with those strict rules of Chastity she profess'd to walk by, he
would never for the future speak or act any thing but what
might correspond with the most unblemish'd Vertue. Which
protestations of his somewhat cleared up her cloudy Brow:
and tho' she could hardly be Friends with him that After-
noon, yet she told him upon his better behaviour for the fu-
ture, that he might still hope not to be turned out of her ser-
vice. Hereupon our gallant began to proceed with more
Caution in his designs, and to bear a greater respect to her
than formerly, behaving himself so modestly in his expres-
sions, and so obligingly in his actions, that he gained a more
than ordinary esteem from his Dearest, and he had at last so
far won upon her by the artificial disguise of chastity, that
she would many times trust her self alone with him in her
chamber, at hours so unreasonable, as might have created a
suspicion of any Womans vertue but hers. This when our
vigilant Youngster had perceived, he thought it in vain to
dally any longer, resolving to take the Fort by Treachery, if
he could not do it by Treaty, and in order thereto concluded
upon the following Adventure.

Prevailing with her one day to take a walk in the Park, and
coming to a shady bank (no matter for the purling Streams,
and Warbling Choriethers,) they sat down in a place very
agreeable to the innocence of her design, and but too conve-
nient.

of prittle prattle they had, but that one cross Reader
will be so inquisitive to ask how I came to hear it. But
Discourse they had, that's certain; and 'tis a hundred to one
but that 'twas one Love Story or other, for at last it came to
this; The young Gentleman gathering a blade of Grass, and
applying himself to the Lady, ask'd her if she could break it
with her hands; There's no question to be made, but reply'd
Yes: But without many It's and And's, it came to a wager
(which the most judicious affirm to be a Bottle of Claret,)
that he would tye her Thumbs so fast with it, that neither by
the strength of her Arms nor her wit, she should be able to
break or untie it: This concluded on, he palm'd a Green
Ribbon upon her, made so artificially like a blade of Grass,
that it could very hardly be distinguished; and with this ty'd
her Thumbs so firmly, that to her great admiration she was
forced to confess the Wager lost: but he like a fair Game-
ster to give her a revenge, offer'd another bottle, that if she
would suffer him to put her arms over her head, she could
not kiss her Elbow. Loosers you know play commonly with-
out fear or wit, for she had no sooner consented, but she found
not only the wager lost, but something else she valued I can't
tell how much more, in a great deal of danger; for the Ad-
venturer taking her at this advantage, began to use a forced
dalliance, and to apply himself to her in a pritty familiar way
that he had, which I shall leave every man to guess at, by
what he would have done had he been in his place: As to
the Ladies I know they'l be warranting the sad toils she was
in, and at the same time both pitying and envying her Con-
dition. Therefore to disappoint neither one nor the other, the
Story says she cryed out Murder, but withal, that she Dyed
only in the phrase of modern Poets; for she quickly came
to her self again, being only a little over-heated, like a Colt
newly back'd, by endeavouring to throw her Rider, and com-
plaining

denre her Gallant (unkind as he was) to Unlace her Gown, and to give her the benefit of the air, bitterly upbraiding him all the while with the baseness of the action; what have you done, quoth she, inhumane Ravisher? ingrateful wretch that you are! first to bind me, and then to rob me of my greatest Treasure. He not caring to make much ado about nothing, prethee be quiet (says he) and i'll repay thee with Interest, look you do then, replied the tender-hearted soul, and so giving him her hand, they walked very lovingly home again to participate of her looings.

Hitherto all was well, and like enough to continue so, if this babling Coxcomb could but have held his Tongue; but he had the vanity of some other (indeed most) Gallants, whose humour is so far from concealing any successful amour, that they will boast of kindnesses they never received, rather than not gain the reputation of being debauc'd: so he, big with the conceit of what he had done, found an opportunity (or indeed made one) of telling the whole adventure the same evening to an old Crony of his, that had been a constant admirer of his continued success. This Gentleman it seems had been an ancient servant of the Ladies, I mean had attempted to debauch her for a long time; and therefore upon the relation of the whole matter, the person being named, and the action described at large, it is but rational to suppose him a little concern'd, not only that he should be disappointed in his hopes, but out-done at his own weapon: And to manifest that he was so, though he seemingly Laugh'd at the pleasantness of the adventure, yet he resolv'd upon the first opportunity, to discover the abuse if it were a Lye, or if truth, to put in for the later-match of her affection. The day following, meeting with her either by search or accident, though she never cared for his company or address, he prevail'd with her by some importunity to hear this unwelcome story, which
she

and being a little helped by the impertinence of the Relator, she gained time to recover her senses well enough to persuade him the story was false, resolving at the same time to cry quits with Mr. Tell-Tale when time should serve, but for the present not to seem to take notice of the Discovery. And for a day or two after pretending a greater fondness to her Gallant for the sake of what had past; it was now her turn to desire him to take a walk to the same place they were at the other day, to which he readily consented; and I desire the crosslest Reader in Christendom to suppose otherwise. Being come to a place she chose out as most convenient for the design in hand, she desired him to sit down, and after a little amorous impertinence, thus began to insinuate with him: Love, says she, shall I tye thy hands as thee didst mine the other day, but you are so strong I'll do it with my Garter instead of Goals, this was easily consented to: Ah you Rogue, continued she, I'll tye your Legs too, 'twill be no hindrance, Sirrah; Ha? this was but a modest request: Now my Dear, says she, put your hands over your head as I did; that done, she takes an opportunity to tye them fast to the stump of a Bush; the Fellow all this while pleased with the Conceptions he had of the amorous Stratagem, lay stock still, absolutely imagining her design to be much like his, in what resemblance the diversity of the Sex was capable of; But, silly Als, he found himself damnably deceived, for by the austerity of her countenance, he found anger a passion more predominant in her then Love, especially when she began to threaten him in a more unpleasant dialect then perhaps became either her Sex or quality; for though in civility we may call it chiding, in plain terms 'twas no better nor worse then downright Scolding; The Names she had dissembled over but even now, she again repeated, but in such a tone as quickly gave him

Rogue you, I'll teach you to Kill, and tell you could not you be content to debauch me, but you must Scandalize me to? to rob me not only of my vertue, but likewise of my good name: I'll make you an Example for all such Villains as you are. More she said to this purpose as near as I can guess, (for to tell you the truth I did not hear her) and to make her words good she drew out a very sharp Pen-knife, now, says she, what would you think Mr. Cockey if I should make a *Caper* of you? and hang me if I don't! (slew the *Londoner* such a trick, he shall remember the Country all days of his life; with that she gave him such a touch of Love, in the part that your Almanack-makers call *Scorpio*; and your Anatomists *Scrotum*: that it is verily said by sober personages, that he never had a mind to Wench after: So rising up from the poor *Eunuch*, the Ironical Baggage did so taunt at him, that some writers affirm it went to the very heart of him: alas Sir, says she, how you bleed! What are you wounded? I fear you have been fighting for my sake, I have a pair of Blood-stones here, pray take 'em and hang 'em about your Neck, while I run and send you a Chyrurgion, which it seems she did in kindness to herself, not to him: The Chyrurgion making a speedy cure of his Wound, the Lady at the same time, in some measure salved up the wounds of her reputation, for she hath sealed up the mouth of the Actor so close, that 'tis generally believed he will speak no more of this matter: so that though the story be very true, in the general as I have related it, yet as to the particular persons concerned, I desire you would not urge me to the discovery of them, for I protest I know not who they are.

F I N I S.